Daily Eagle

FARMING IN GERMANY.

RESULTS OBTAINED BY WORKING UPON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Some Points that May Prove of Benefit to the American Farmer—The Triumph of System—Buildings, Feeding, Etc. Scientific Institutes.

The farm which I visited is owned by a man who, until recently, has been a tenant farmer, but a year ago bought for 40,000 thalers about 300 acres of unentailed land from the Tierstorff-Cramm estate. He is a brother of the widely known Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin, and I found him not only a typically sturdy "son of the soil," but a man of unusual intelligence and enterprise, who in the most hospitable spirit offered to show me anything and everything connected with German farming. The morning we called upon him he was bemoaning the partial destruction of his rye by hail. The hail fell without wind and only the drooping heads of the grain were harmed. His enthusiasm and his disappointment were interesting. In the last ten or twelve years the changes in the German climate have been considerable; the insurance rates were based on the former condition of things, and inasmuch as hail storms have increase in frequency and violence in the time referred to by about 50 per cent., the companies demand three days' notice, which in this country is regarded as peremptory. Mr. Waldeyer's grain covers nearly two-thirds of his farm, but among fifty other similar farmers he is the only one who was insured.

THE TRIUMPH OF SYSTEM.

The exactitude with which a given amount of fodder is estimated for individual animals, is part of a system which is an actual triumph, because it is universal among all considerable proprietors, and the intelligent German farmer makes estimates, in this and all other matters, with something of the exactitude of the managers of an insurance company, even to estimating the amount of loss per mile in driving to "the village," in time, and in wear and tear of material.

The talents of the German are almost unavailable without direction and discipline; the inability in the way of self-help is sometimes quite amusing, but when investigations are made in a prescribed and scientific manner they are usually accurate.

The farm buildings having been erected by a peasant, it is Mr. Waldeyer's intention to reconstruct them, as he already has his house to some extent, from a civilized prejudice against dwelling under the same roof with his stock. The buildings are scattered, and I saw no ice house, no dairy and no corn crib. They are, however, not representative, yet the stock barn was not impractical, the cattle and horses being stalled around the sides of large, airy, light rooms on each side of a main inclosed floor, upon which the food is cut by hand with an ordinary cutter, and where the hay is dropped from above. Mr. Waldeyer showed us his horses with some pride. Most of them are more like fox hunters in their build than are American farm-horses, and look like good roadsters. In feeding, each animal receives in the working season fifteen German or about seventeen English pounds of "strength food," ground oats and bran, daily, together with five German pounds of hay. At other times they receive the same quantity of hay and nine German pounds of cut straw, oats and bran, and for six weeks in the summer, beginning in June, each horse is given fifty-four English pounds of cut clover daily.

This careful system is also carried into the management of the soil. A hundred and thirteen pounds of manure is here worth ten cents for the ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash it contains. Six dollars' worth of manure is put upon each acre yearly. In what is called "intensive" farming—scientific farming on a strictly business basis—artificial dressing composed of phosphoric acid and ammonia in the proportion of 2 to 3 is used to the amount of $11.25 per acre yearly, and over and above the usual supply there is an extra supply provided at "Alihausen" by purchasing twenty-five or thirty extra head of cattle every autumn. Manure is drawn on to to the fields all winter and plowed in at the first opportunity, and there is a constant reserve kept in an open, water-tight compost vat.

SCIENCE AT ONE'S "FINGER-ENDS."

Calling upon a scientist as a lecturer for advice is characteristic, and it was easy to see in conversation with Mr. Waldeyer that farming as a practical science was fairly at his "finger-ends." In extent and appearance, aside from the marvellously finished appearance of the finely pulverized fields, German agriculture does not compare with our own, and naturally its possibilities are nothing compared with a land in which a single state produces over thirty million bushels of wheat, and in which a small part of one state can produce more cotton than the world can use at present; but, however talented and versatile the American agriculturist may be, the German farmer of the future will try titles with him in some respects with methods as nearly like the results of genius as Von Moltke's celebrated tactics. The constant marvel is that, with such evident capacity, such widespread higher education, such preeminent ability in every walk of life, that Germany has not done even more than she has, and the world may look for as much progress in the future as the unfortunate conditions which inevitably prevail in Europe will permit. Nearly every German farmer is a graduate of one of the higher schools, gymnasia, or scientific institutes. Subsequently he has two years' practical experience on a farm, for which privilege he pays 150 thalers a year, and is fitted for a two years' course in the excellent agricultural schools, which he invariably takes.

Naturally, the small peasant proprietors do not enjoy all these privileges, but it is mainly because they do not wish to. They are provided in the winter schools with all the agricultural knowledge, including a system of accounts, which the meager common school education has fitted them to receive. It will be wondered that it does not enable them to learn more, but the education of the newspaper does not reach them here as it does in America. There are no circulating libraries in the smaller towns, and certainly no papers in a village of 3,000 people like journals in such places in America, which corresponds to and imply a general civilization and a refinement of life unknown in such towns here. It is, however, not because the government does not desire to elevate its subjects. On the contrary, I believe there is no country with such widespread higher education not only, but where such persistent efforts are made to promote universal intelligence, and in it all one of the most creditable features is the premium which the government places on thoroughly scientific, and therefore truly practical, agricultural knowledge by exempting the well instructed farmer from two of the usual three years of military service.

Coal in the Pittsburg Region.

Professor Lesley, of the Pennsylvania geological survey, estimates the amount of coal in the Pittsburg region as 30,000,000,000 tons. About 11,000,000 tons are now taken annually from its bed, of which two-thirds are bituminous coal and one-third anthracite. Professor Lesley believes that the oil and gas supply will practically cease ten or twenty years hence. To which The Journal of Light, Heat and Power says: "Let it cease. If the gas supply of nature holds out at a fair rate for ten years, there will be a dozen different methods of making as good a gas just about as cheap on the spot as the natural gas can be piped for, and, if preferable to pipe the new gases from place to place, the cost will not be much. A sudden stoppage of the natural gas supply will not banish the general use of fuel gas."—Frank Leslie's.

STAGING IN THE FOOT HILLS.

Some Aspects of a Rem te Part of Our Expan ive Country.

The name of Deadwood, a city that is still in the "wild West" in spite of the rapid improvements thirty years have seen west of the Mississippi, is familiar to many people who know nothing whatever of it except that it lies somewhe e in the mining region.

Traveling from the East, it can be reached within one hundred miles by rail; the remainder of the distance must be taken by stage. The railroad ends at Buffalo Gap.

Six horses, carrying a stage coach with three seats in it, await the Deadwood traveler. If there are more than six passengers, and any of them are inclined to obesity, there is apt to be a lack of comfort.

If it is during the spring or autumn rains, there is much jolting and careful driving, and perhaps some seasickness among the passengers.

In the bitter winter weather, warm wraps, furs and heated soapstones are necessary.

Perhaps the ride is most delightful in the autumn, when there is a golden morn, and lazy winds and a cloud of purple haze in the West.

The one hundred miles are traveled in thirty-six hours or thereabout. Every ten miles the horses are changed, and every twenty miles the drivers change.

The stations are simply large barns where the horses are kept. These are as well trained, and enter into their task with as much spirit and seeming delight as the horses of the fire departments in cities.

They grow to be familiar with every step of the journey and know their driver as children know a parent. The coach stops for meals at regular stations three times a day.

Quite an excited interest is visible at all the towns passed through. The coming of the stage, with its galloping horses, its air of mystery and restlessness, and the charm of knowing it has come from the outside world, which, like Rasselas in his valley, every one envies to be in occasionally, is quite an event in the lives of the village people.

Cæsar, in his commentaries, speaks of the inhabitants of inner Gaul gathering around the merchants when they came to trade, and asking questions innumerable. The merchants were often tempted to exaggerate and sometimes to invent stories of the outside world, which temptation they often yielded to, and were eagerly believed by the Gauls.

So the stage-coach driver after answering many questions to suit himself amid the admiring gaze of the populace, with a flourish of his whip, a word to his horses, is gone.

Gone for a wild ride over dangerous roads, now winding along a mountain path, now between rocks, now along a river bank, and again out into the level mesa-like stretch, that seems to reach in infinite distances on every hand.

The drivers find their work to possess a strange fascination. No stage driver ever feels content to go back to the tame life of a town dweller. Each one of them has his reputation and is known by his peculiar characteristics all along the route.

In the lower part of the stage, under the seats, is a place for baggage, much like the hold in a ship.

The trip is worth taking, especially in spring or autumn, when the driver is glad to give a share of his seat for at least a few hours each day or night.

Deadwood is a very pretty town hemmed in by mountains.

It is in the extreme western part of Dakota, not far from its boundary line. It is only 250 miles from Yellowstone Park, and is surrounded by mountains upon every hand. Some valuable gold and silver mines are located near the town.

THE VALUE OF SLEEP.

Danger of Neglect to Restore Energy by Nightly Rest.

The restoration of energy, which sleep alone can afford, is necessary for the maintenance of nervous vigor, and whereas the muscular system, if overtaxed, at last refuses to work, the brain under similar circumstances too frequently refuses to rest.

The sufferer, instead of trying to remove or lessen the cause of his sleeplessness, comforts himself with the hope that it will soon disappear, or else has recourse to alcohol, morphia, the bromides, chloral, etc.

Valuable and necessary as these remedies often are (I refer especially to the drugs), there can be no question as to the mischief which attends their frequent use, and there is much reason to fear that their employment in the absence of any medical authority is largely on the increase.

Many of the "proprietary articles" sold by druggists, and in great demand at the present day, owe their efficacy to one or more of these powerful drugs. Not a few deaths have been caused by their use, and in a still larger number of cases they have helped to produce the fatal result.

Sleeplessness is almost always accompanied by indigestion in some one or other of its protean forms, and the two conditions react upon and aggravate each other.

If rest cannot be obtained, and if the vital machine cannot be supplied with a due amount of fuel, and, moreover, fails to utilize that which is supplied, mental and bodily collapse cannot be far distant. The details of the downward process vary, but the result is much the same in all cases.

Sleeplessness and loss of appetite are followed by loss of flesh and strength, nervous irritability, alternating with depression, palpitation, and other derangements of the heart, especially at night, and many of those symptoms grouped together under the old term "hypochondriasis."

When this stage has been reached, "the borderlands of insanity" are within measurable distance, even if they have not already been reached.—[Fortnightly Review.

Reading the Future.

"Say, are you a fortune teller?"

"Yes, Miss, that's my business."

"You can read the future, can't you?"

"As clearly as I can the past."

"Well, I'll bring around my 'future' to-morrow. I want you to read him, so I can tell if his affection is sincere."—[Chicago Rambler.

Convincing Testimony.

Now, Mr. Witness," said a Columbus lawyer, "are you willing to solemnly swear that the chair was facing the East? Remember, sir, the awfulness of perjury."

Witness: "Well, I won't swear, but I'll bet you $10 it was."—[Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

THE CROSSING OF THE BRIDGE.

Have you ever heard the story
How Tim Nesbitt crossed the bridge,
When the down express came roaring
Round the curves of Smoky Ridge?

You remember the big trestle
Just this side of Carey's mill;
Twenty miles about from Sharon,
And as far from Smoky Hill.

Half a mile in length—they say so—
And it's not a yard-stick less—
Fifty feet above the creek, too;
That's as near as I can guess.

And just as Tim came round the curve
And saw the bridge ahead,
He felt the track was giving, like,
And knew the rails had spread.

Down grade at that, and thirty miles—
That was her common run—
A bridge not fifty yards ahead,
O, Heaven! what could be done!

Like j gging millstones bounced the cars
Along the sleepers' ends;
Tim had no time to think of wife,
Of home or self, or friends.

The fireman jumped, but quick as thought
Tim Nesbitt took it in—
The bridge is straight, there is a chance
For life if she should win.

And with a mighty jerk he threw
The throttle open wide—
And said a prayer—and "Lady Bess"
Went on her crazy ride.

Dreadful! You might have seen the wood
And nails and glasses fly,
And splinters, torn from bridge and beam,
And chunks from every tie;

While "Lady Bess" just flew across,
And Tim just held his breath—
While half the passengers had swooned,
And half were sure of death.

But ere the scared had time to pray,
Or broken wheels to stand,
Tim Nesbitt's train had crossed the bridge,
And we were safe on land.

I reckon that no other man
That runs upon the line
Has got a watch as big as his,
Nor anything so fine.

For on one side's a picture like
The creek at Smoky Ridge—
And on the other's writ: "To him
Who ran across the bridge."
—[Detroit Free Press.

APPETIZERS.

A Wonderful Resemblance.

Guibollard takes a promenade in the salon, in company with a young painter who has a picture on exhibition, which has been commended by the committee.

"Show me," said the former, "your picture that has secured honorable mention."

"There it is," said the artist—"portrait of a woman."

"Very, very fine as to execution," said Guibollard, "but how the devil did you come to choose such an ugly model?"

"Indeed, sir, this is my mother," replied the artist, coloring, quickly.

"Your mother!" exclaimed Guibollard, with confusion. "Pardon, monsieur, I am stupid. I ought to have perceived it at a glance. You are as alike as two peas!"—[From the French.

The Pastor's Pup.

A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long slur in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

The clergyman's little wisset pup, happening to catch the note, sung out his treble pipe, started the squire's old Towser full bass, and in an instant the whole posse of dogs set up such a chorus that Handel's hailstorm would have dwindled into mustard-seed in comparison.—[New York Journal.

His Doubts Dispelled.

There's a rather corpulent drummer whose route runs through Gardiner, and one day a friend of ours (who did not then know him) sat beside him at the table of the Sidney House, at Capitol Island.

He called for a piece of lemon pie, and when it was brought to him said:

"Is this lemon pie, Mrs. Sidney?"

"Yes," said she blandly, "it's lemon pie—just like the other three pieces you've eaten."

He laughed, and so did our friend, but had no further doubts about it being lemon pie.—[Gardiner (Me.) Journal.

Hard-Working Parisians.

In leaving my hotel on some fete day, I find my landlady, in her best frock, standing at the entrance, looking wistfully into the street.

"Do you go to the fetes to-day, madam?" I asked her.

"Oh, no, monsieur," she replies. "I never go out; it is impossible. We work here in Paris all our lives for enough to live on, and perhaps save a little. Money comes hard. If I go to the fetes it means money spent that cannot be replaced. If I go to the theatre it is really so much money lost.

"I bought this hotel in March. Before coming here I was a domestic in a hotel on the Boulevard des Italiens much frequented by Americans, and my husband was the concierge.

"For sixteen years he never went to bed, but slept in his chair, with the bell-rope in his hand, for the people were coming in at all hours of the night. Such sound sleep as he could get he had to take in the daytime.

"And now our garcon there"—she indicated a young man of all work, who seemed to exist in a continual state of exhaustion or coma—"is going through the same experience."—[Paris Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

The White House Baby.

The one baby that is said to have been born in the White House was christened "Henry Walker," is now 40 years old, and lives in Montgomery, Ala.

His mother, a niece of President Polk, was visiting her uncle when Henry was born.

The reverend gentleman who occupies a position on our school board was a short time ago speaking before the pupils of one of our primary schools.

In reference to early history he was endeavoring to impress upon the youthful mind the prime importance of the religion which the Pilgrims enjoyed.

He asked this question:

"What did the Pilgrims have that was more precious than home and friends when they landed?"

A little bright-eyed boy promptly answered:

"Plymouth Rock."—[South Abington (Mass.)